



My One Wish



52 8 9

Chapter 1 by Sam I am

I look up to the world around me. People are smiling and laughing all about. Kids play in the beaten streets and teens walk around texting on their newest phones. Everyone seems to be happy. Everyone... Except me.

You see, I was born without luck. I was the "Unlucky One" in my family. I was born with a curse that made me someone I shouldn't be. No one could look at me without seeing it. So now I hide in my room, all alone with no one to hear my cries. But I keep my hope. It is only because I have my one wish.

Chapter 2 by the smiling man



My parents were famous for their luck. They could win every contest, every lottery. When I was born, everyone thought I would be just like them. But I just couldn't. I tried, but I couldn't. My parents tried to hide their disappointment, but I could hear them talking about me at night. I never had a friend, because no kid would ever talk to me. Because of constant bullying, I stopped going to school. Everything went downhill. I didn't interact with anyone, I cried so much my eyes would constantly hurt. I don't even know, if my parents still live in this house, or they

moved somewhere else. But I know, someday everything will change. Someday.

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Chapter 3 by Sam I am



Or was it? I don't know anymore. I'd say I can test my luck but I just can't. I don't have any luck to test. I just wish one day, I'd have my parents luck. I would be lucky like they are. I'd get good jobs and be well liked by people. I want to be like them. But I know I will never be like them. Nor can I ever be like them. My one wish is something I will never know.

Chapter 4 by



People tend to think I'm lucky to receive the fruit of my family's "luck." We have virtually everything anyone can ask for -- but nothing of it is mine. The more they have, the more I feel the deprivation. Money? Not really... That is not what I wish for.

Money can't buy happiness - that was something I spoke of one time and people around me scowled. A running joke rang my ear so badly I decided to dislike crowds.

"If money can't buy happiness, then deposit it on my bank account."

I don't even have money to begin with. No, maybe I am wrong with what I said... I'm always wrong. I'm always unlucky. I never said anything right in my whole life.

But -- I don't want to end up dying miserably because of failure to achieve what I want. That one Wish. I look at the time, maybe I am too young to understand what I really want. Must I... be steadfast?

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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